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Poor Fate



gods

fantasy

poverty

👁 131 ✓ 8 ★ 12

Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

There are many wonderful things that are worth celestial protection in this world. That's why we have Goddesses for them. The Goddess of Friendship spends her days strengthening the bonds between humans. The Goddess of Romance occasionally picks up in her friend's wake, going a step further. The Goddess of Weather tries her best to stave off the hurricanes that threaten to destroy her worshippers, and creates the most beautiful snowstorms.

It's just my luck that I am the Goddess of Poverty.

Chapter 2 by Phantim



You may think that I am a bad god. That what I do is wicked and unnecessary, but you would be wrong. Poverty is essential to a healthy human society. Most of everything you know is built on the backs of the poor. Would the pyramids have been built without slaves? Would Van Gogh have painted if he could just sit around all day in luxury? Do you want to only listen to music about how happy or in love people are? My gift opens many paths that would never be explored without a lack of money. Poverty is the seed of creativity and ingenuity. So it is, that I am planting a seed today.

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Chapter 3 by Adrienne



I watch through the window of the man's office. He twirls a pencil in his right hand while his left holds a landline. I see pictures of his family, a black and white spotted dog, and a beautiful Earthling of a girl, smiling with her arms around the man. The pictures show the ageless leisure of a human, basking in the light, oblivious the what was to come.

The truth is, though I may sound like a stalker, I had been watching this man for weeks. And in all honesty, this poor unsuspecting human had no reason to lose everything. He smiled easily, spoke with confidence, and seemed to care deeply for all those he knew.

But life would never work so perfectly, and my job was to make sure of that small detail. I raised my thin fingers, picturing the man at a sports bar, betting away the savings promised to his fiance. The pain of his soon to be life shocks me, giving me a pain I had never experienced when ruining a person's life.

I was in the midst of the downstroke of my hand when the man hung up his phone suddenly, as though a thought had streaked through his brain. His dark gelled hair whips around to face me. His eyes widen in shock, as do mine. He should not be able to see me.

Yet he does.

Chapter 4 by SaintSayaka



He approaches the window, and my pulse does a samba in my throat. For whatever reason, my hands are glued to the window, and I am watching him slowly, slowly approach in sick interest...

He opens the window and, without a second thought, jumps.

My facintation quickly turns to horror. His body goes right through me, which often happens when humans touch me, but never like this. I panic and release myself from the window. There's no way I can break his fall. I can't catch him, and there's nothing around me to slow his descent.

I close my eyes. I can't watch what happens next.

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Chapter 5 by Emerald, Etern

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His fall is interrupted by a descending plane, crash landing. The man just hangs on for dear life.

This seems like the madman's work. I see him on the sidewalk, strolling along, pickpocketing.

tensing relationships, but none die by his hand or blade. I see him step through the cracks and sew two peoples' pant legs together. He's such a strange one. But maybe the man was a fluke. He might've already been affected by another god. One like... "HeyPizza!" He startled me. "I guess you've seen my handiwork already. Good for you." He... Why? "Because I can." He bounces off. Such a strange one.

I guess I should go to whoever's next on the chopping block.

A woman. I'm inside. I follow her there. She puts her shoes on the coat rack, and her coat in the shoe cabinets. She's a lawyer. A successful one, to boot. As I draw my finger up, I imagine her drowning her sorrows, and her dog. She gets up and does just that, but the catch is that she doesn't have a pet, and she's not drowning a dog, but filling a tub of water and putting her closest friends in it. Then she fries them. Geez, what just happened? I've made people do darker things, but this is pretty high up there. She finally drowns a dog. Why'd she do that? My mind is reeling as I let myself out.

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